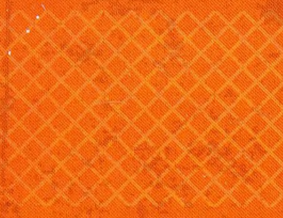


# STAR WARS REBELS™



**PROPERTY OF EZRA BRIDGER**





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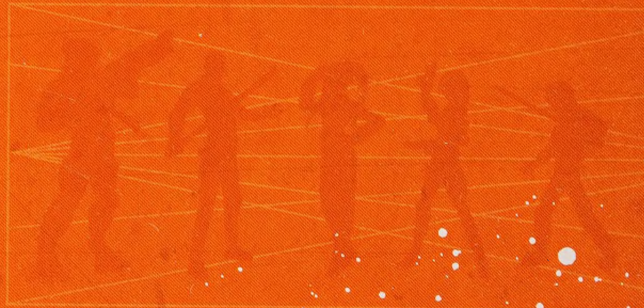
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# STAR WARS REBELS™

## PROPERTY OF EZRA BRIDGER

Based on the episode "Property of Ezra Bridger,"  
written by Simon Kinberg

Adapted by Brooke Vitale

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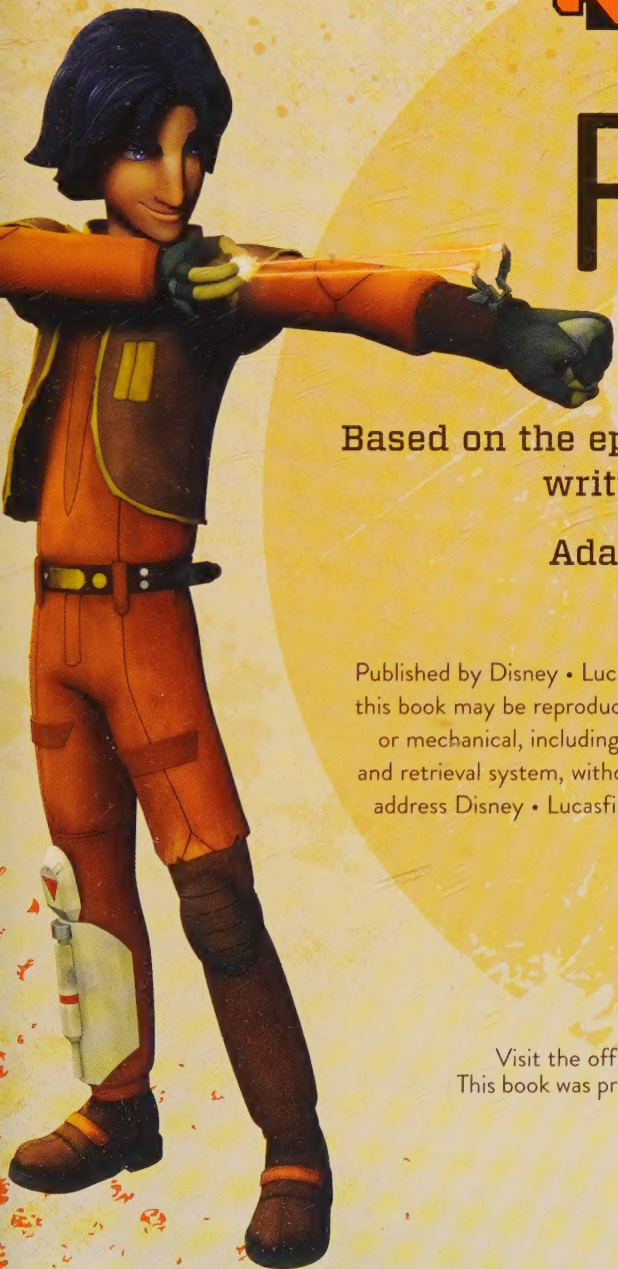
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**Ezra Bridger walked slowly** through an empty field. It was an unusually calm day on Lothal, and he was enjoying the peace and quiet. The city was loud, but out here he could think.

As Ezra hoisted his backpack higher on his shoulders, a strange feeling passed over him.



Ezra never quite knew *where* these feelings came from.  
He just knew he should trust them.

Ezra looked around. He didn't see anything.

Then he heard a noise coming from behind him . . . and  
above him.









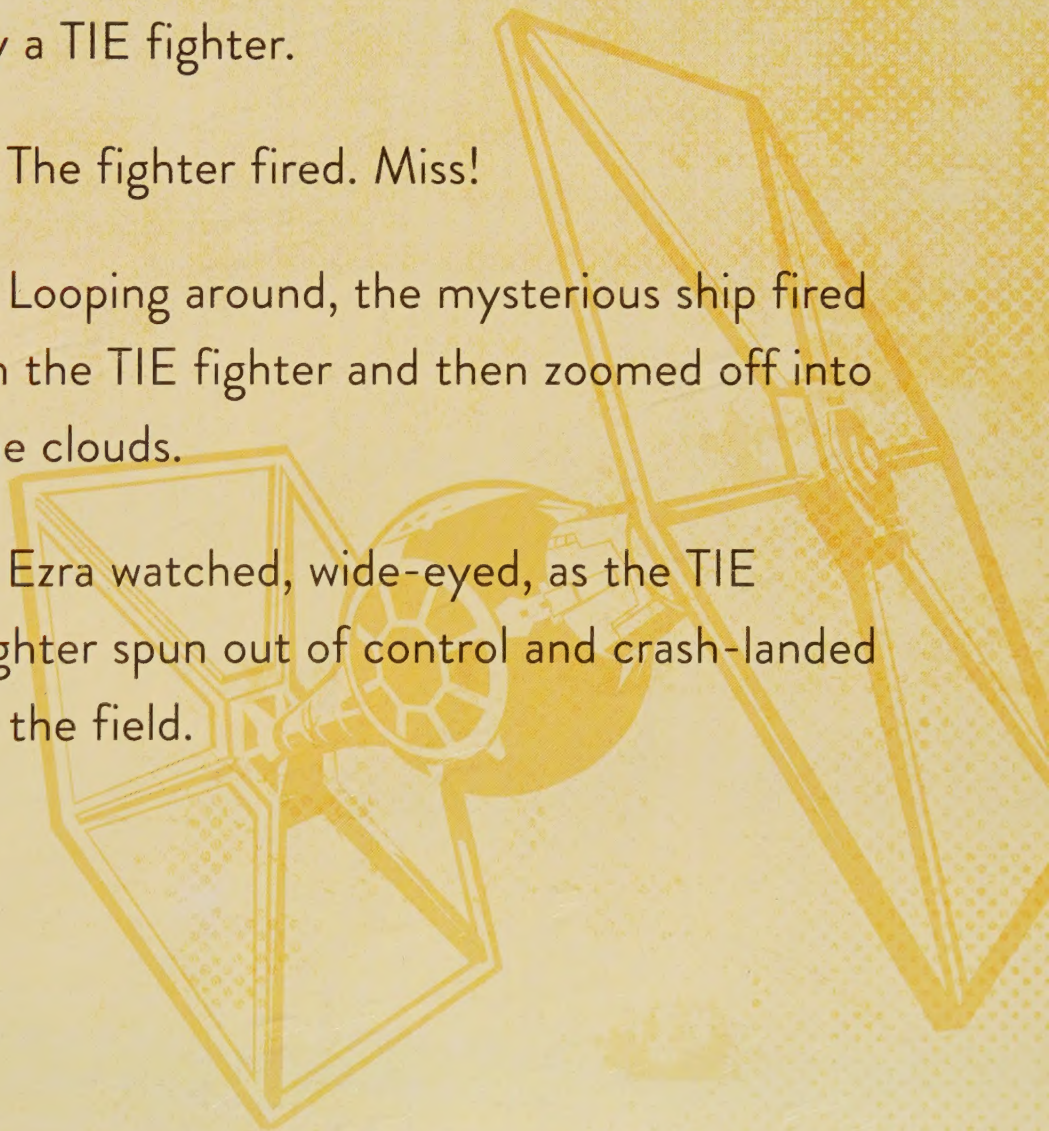


Suddenly, a large diamond-shaped cargo freighter flew into view. It was being chased by a TIE fighter.

The fighter fired. Miss!

Looping around, the mysterious ship fired on the TIE fighter and then zoomed off into the clouds.

Ezra watched, wide-eyed, as the TIE fighter spun out of control and crash-landed in the field.





Ezra raced downhill toward the fighter. The pilot was still inside!

Ezra pounded on the window. "Mister," he called. "You okay? You alive?"

The pilot glared at Ezra. "Get your hands off my craft," he shouted. "This fighter is property of the Empire!"







Coughing, the pilot hit the emergency switch on his dashboard. The cockpit was filling with smoke. He needed to get out! But the canopy wouldn't open. It was jammed.

Ezra jumped onto the ship and tried to lift the canopy.

"I told you to get off this ship!" the pilot shouted.

But Ezra wasn't listening. With a final heave, he pulled open the canopy, releasing the smoke.



For a moment, the pilot looked grateful.  
Then his expression hardened.

Ezra met the man's stare. "Don't say  
'thank you' or anything," he said.

The pilot glared at him. "Thank you?  
Please. I'm an officer of the Imperial Navy,"  
he told Ezra. "I didn't need your help."

Ezra smiled. "Course not," he said.

The pilot started to rise, but Ezra pushed  
him down. "Wait, your sleeve's caught on the  
flight recorder," he said. "Let me just unhook  
it for you."









Ezra reached behind the pilot and pulled out a piece of the ship's machinery.

Before the pilot noticed what he had done, Ezra shoved his prize into his bag.







“Whoa, there, sir,” Ezra said as the pilot tried to rise again. “Bit of metal caught on your, um, posterior. Wouldn’t want an officer of the Imperial Navy to split his pants.”


The pilot shook his head. “No, I—”

“That just wouldn’t be dignified,” Ezra continued. “Hold still, now.”










Ezra reached back into the cockpit and pulled loose another gadget. He quickly snuck it into his bag.

The pilot fumbled with his helmet as he climbed out of the cockpit.

“Here, I’ll take that,” Ezra said. “And remember, sir. No thank-yous. You didn’t need my help, and besides . . .





“I didn’t come to help.”

The pilot grabbed for Ezra, but he was too slow.

Ezra jumped off the ship, tucked the pilot’s helmet under his arm, and began to run.

“Just came to score a little tech for the black market, you Loth-Rat!” he called.

Ezra grinned. The money he made off the pilot’s gadgets would buy him a soft bed and a nice meal!









The pilot couldn't believe what had just happened. "Why you little . . ." he cried.

The pilot flipped on the TIE fighter's cannons. "You'll be sorry. Or dead!" he called.







The pilot took aim and fired. But Ezra was too fast for him.  
He flipped out of the way, dropping the helmet.

The pilot fired again, and again Ezra leaped over the blast.



“Kid got lucky. But luck runs out,” the pilot said to himself.

He was about to fire again when he noticed Ezra aiming an energy slingshot at him.








Ezra fired at the ship, but his slingshot wasn't powerful enough! The stun-ball bounced harmlessly off the TIE fighter.

Kneeling down, he took another shot.



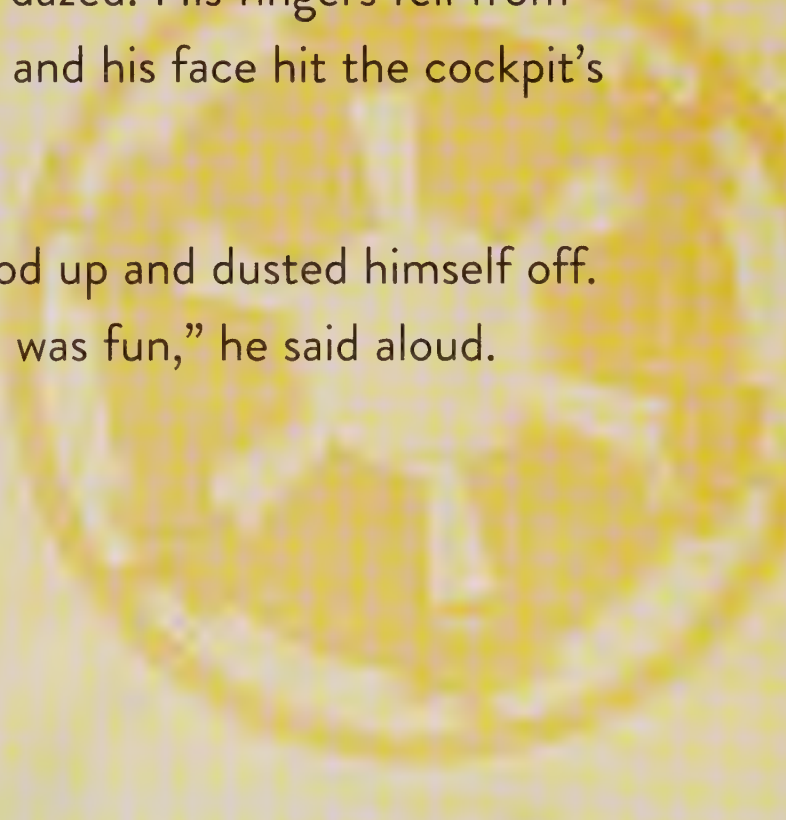






The stun-ball arced through the air. It was too high to do any damage to the ship. It bounced off the canopy and hit the pilot in the back of the head. The man crumpled in his seat, dazed. His fingers fell from the trigger and his face hit the cockpit's dashboard.

Ezra stood up and dusted himself off. "Well, that was fun," he said aloud.







Ezra looked around. Where had that helmet gone?

Finally, he spotted it on the ground. Picking it up, he looked it over closely. It didn't look like it had gotten damaged in the fight.



“This helmet is property of Ezra Bridger,” Ezra said with a grin. “Or it is now, anyway.”

Ezra put on the helmet. It was too big, but he didn’t mind.







Turning toward the ship, Ezra saluted the pilot. “Sir, thank you, sir!” he called out.

Ezra laughed as he walked back across the field wearing the helmet. It would make a perfect addition to his collection!





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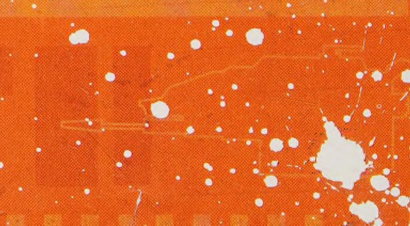
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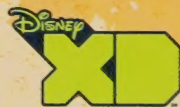
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